

Sandham
1715

THE

11631.6

Divine or Hypostatical

U N I O N:

Being A small 6108. aa 17

P O E M,

Upon the Life and Death

O F T H E

Blessed Jesus:

Beginning with the Advent.

By H. W. Gent. Henry Waring

EDINBURGH,

Printed in the Year 1707.

EDITION
First in Series

TO THE
H O N O U R E D

MR THOMAS WEIMS ADVOCAT

SIR

Where *Business* is wanted by those that Love not to be Idle; it's better to performe Things Indifferent than to sit still and do nothing.

Action is the Alpha and Omega of Man; for were there not a general Activity in Nature, all must return to it's Primitive Nothing, and the World would Die. 'Tis this and the Account
receiv'd

receiv'd of your excellent Character which thus Imboldens my
Unmannerly Muse, to make an Offering of this to your judicious
Complation: Believe it that nothing can be more Advantage-
ous to ourselves, than to meditate on the Life of God, because
we all would live; nor more to the disadvantage of our Cupidi-
ties than to reflect upon his Death, because we all must Die.
For seeing there is but a Right and a Left Hand Way; with
what Afiduity ought we to avoid the One which leadeth to Dis-
truction, and walk stedfastly in the other which would Clue us
to Salvation. In which Blisful State, there will be
no scarcisty of Employment for the Ho- nest that either
hath, or hath not Business here, seeing that all will be
Comission'd Incessantly, to sing Praises to him who will, I hope
preserve you from the Infelicities of this World, and bring you
all to the Eternal hapiness

S I R,

I am

Your Honours Dutyful

Servant,

Henry Waring.

(9)

T H E

DIVINE UNION.

A

P O E M

AS when a mighty Monarch, with Renown
And Splendor doth approach some Loyal Town :
The Streets are strew'd, the Windows richly deck'd,
And all Employments quit, with kind Respect
To wait him ; while his Friends and near Allies
Chiefly prepare for him, with longing Eyes :
So here the Monitory Advent comes,
To tell us of CHRIST'S approach ; that our Rooms
May all be dress'd and garnish'd for that King,

A

Who

Who with him doth both Grace and Glory bring,
 That his chief place the Heart of Man I mean ;
 May be with Zeal and Penetence kept clean
 Cloath then thy Soul with the best Robes of Grace,
 Let Love, and Faith, with Hope, run all apace
 To meet him, and his Majesty attend
 Who highly will prefer them all, i'th' end.
 Henceforth let Lyon-fircenefs become tame,
 And Greet the Lamb in great JEHOVAH'S Name :
 Let malignant Men and Aspis Tongues grow mild,
 And with due Zeal receive the Heavenly Child :
 Whose great Magnettick and whose holy Law
 Doth Kid, and Tyger, in one friendship draw :
 Let Temperance discharge our Lusts, and Pride
 By rare Humility be laid aside.
 Let the meek Dove, the Serpent over-rule ;
 And holy Love reside in ev'ry Soule :
 Thus when rhe Discords of Contention cease,
 Then may the World expect the Prince of Peace ;
 Receive with mildness then this bounteous Lord,

Who

Who spreads for all the World an ample Board.

For Christian Israel at whose Feet all,

The several Specis in Subjection fall.

Thus his Belov'd tast's the Sublimest fare,

And fellow Commoners with Angels are.

Manna and Quails which once was diet made,

Do but the Viands of the Eucharist shade.

So Israel was of Heav'n's Alms-Basket fed,

But here to his, he gives himself for Bread ;

Bread, ground to Dust by Sin and sinfull Jews,

To make a Staff of Life for us to use ;

Which if us'd well, it will our Hearts sustain,

From sleep in Sin, from sensual falls in Pain.

To walk with which will keep our Footsteps even,

And prove the only *Jacob's* Staff for Heav'n.

We then shall need not fear, but more to pray,

For Christ last Advent, that Judicial Day.

when tho the Sphears and Orbs themselves shall rowl,

Like shriv'd pieces of a Parchment Scrowl.

When tho, the liquid Flo ods cannot conspire,
 To quench the insatiable thirst of Fire :
 When all the Nations of the World shall mourn,
 And the Vast Universe to Cinders turn :
 Yet to all such as Anchor on his Love,
 The Day of Judgement, shall of Mercy prove.
 And now on this blest Day he's come,
 To give th' World the Name of Christendom.
 A Day as (Bridal of the Earth and Sky)
 Marrys our humane Flesh to the most high ;
 But first my Muse before she takes her flight,
 On this, must on the Annunciation write :
 In which Addreſs what grateful Eye but sees,
 Angelick Miniſtrations and Degrees.
 When here an Angel prime deign's to descend,
 From the Eternal Throne, thence to attend
 The Virgin Cloſet with the news of Grace.
 O what is Man ! that ſuch a Bounteous Lord,
 Should him ſuch Heavenly Viſitors afford :
 As that the Winged *Gabriel* from above,

With

With a stupendious Embassy of Love;
 Shou'd to a Virgin stoop and so to all
 That *Shareth* in her Bliss, and Blessful call?
 Of all *Judeas* Virgins she's the choice,
 In whom Men, Angels, God himself rejoyce:
 Of the whole ring of Israel this the gem,
 Thought fit to ~~Grace~~ the Heavenly Diadem.
 Of all the Parks of *Jury* she's the Deer,
 That's singld out to make the World good cheer.
 By bearing of that holy Lamb, which slain
 Doth treat us with his Flesh, and Entertain
 Us with his Sacred Blood, and for Array,
 His Golden Fleece of Mercy makes us gay.
 And all his Treasure by the Virgin brought,
 As a fair Ship, from Richest *Ophir* fraught.
 Like *Aron's* Rod without sapp of Earth,
 Buds, Blossoms, bears, her news is such a birth:
 The Messenger and Message both so strange,
 As in her Virgin Cheeks-work many a change;
 An Angel frights her Roses off, and then

The news Replants, and Lillies springs again ;
 And whatsoe'r the Count'nance, yet her Breast
 Disputes not, but believes the Heavenly Guest :
 She argues not, but piously submitts,
 As in such Messuages it well befits.
 Yet happier the Conception of her Heart,
 Than her Corporeal acting Mothers part :
 That might on Earth indeed creat Renown,
 But this Bedicks her with an Heavenly Crown.
 And places in her Armes that holy One,
 That was her God, her Maker, and her Son :
 The happy Issues of which glorious Match,
 Blessings through all Parts of the World dispatch.
 Heav'n shines with brighter Ray's, on Earth do grow,
 More Cordial Plants and Seas with Comforts flow.
 Angels, and Mens. Combining Harmony,
 Contend to sing this Epethalamy.
 Glory to God, and Joy to all above,
 While Earth is crown'd with plenty, Man with Love.
 This the gladesom Natalitial Day,

Where

Wherein (like a Rich Diamond set in Clay)
 Our human Nature and the Power divine,
 Both to our Joy, and Wonder, did combine.
 What else (at this Time) means the jealous Sun
 So fast, from the congealing Pole to run ?
 Is't not because he sees the God of might,
 Now born obscures, or else augments his Light ?
 Stupendious Babe, thou dost amaze our Sense,
 To see thee born, of Virgin Innocence.
 And so the sole Mirac'lous Mediator,
 Of single Person, Yet of double Nature.
 Light flows from Light, yet in its font resides,
 So Christ from God, and God in Christ abides.
 Strange Mystery of an Eternal Son !
 Who can declare his Generation :
 What Plume can reach this Eagle in the Clouds ?
 That deigns to be enwrapt in Infant Shrouds !
 Who when our Sin and Sorrow were at strife,
 To quell them both, both took and laid down Life.

(16)

Born of a Maid, that was both Spouse and Mother,
And so in all (excepting Sin) our Brother.
Non but a Virgin Soul Christs presence wins,
Wher Satan hath begot no crying Sins.
Yet of an Espous'd Virgin born was he,
That both Estates allows their Dignity.
While muck Worms pride themselves in Courts, the best
Rooms a Stable, for this Heav'nly Guest.
Tho, cradled in a Manger, yet in Minds,
Stabled in Sin, a fouler Room he finds.
This Landlord yet doth all Men entertain,
Who piously Addrets, himself is fain,
To lodge in a poor Inn, that common place,
Well poynting out his universal Grace ;
Who Angells did creat. with Oxen Lyes,
Fitt Tipes of his Attoning Sacrifice.
The Ases too not deny'd his Company,
Emblems strange Patience, and Humility :
Yet happy if like them we own our Lord,
Resigne our Crib to him, our all afford.

Who

Who so descended from his Radiant Crown,
 To beat our Pride and haughty Passions down :
 And all this for us freely did he act,
 Oppos'd on our Part by each sinful Fact !
 O let not this Approach which now invites,
 Find us th' inhospitable Bethlemites,
 Lest to himself for Servants this neglect,
 Cause him our suits hereafter to reject.
 Shall Angels sing, and shall Men idle be,
 Christ's Birth was not for them Good Man but thee.
 If Starrs and Angels cannot make Men wise,
 His Praise from Babes and Sucklings Mouths shall rise.
 If Learned Pastors will not take the hint,
 Plebeian Tongues shall be his Praises mint.
 Shepherds shall cant it in their Country Lays,
 Rather than Truth it self shall want its praise.
 All faithful shepherds will this Lamb declare,
 For whom the whole flock doth the better fare.
 A Lamb that Shepherd is and still doth keep,
 The Ravenous Wolf from his Indanger'd Sheep.

Reducing home the strays, whose numerous Fold,

Both Jews and Gentiles in one flock doth hold.

But those ill Shepherds are, who not enlarge,

These happy Tydings dayly to their Charge.

Let all then with intentest Ardour sing,

Carols of Angels to this King of Kings.

And in joynt Confort may we all Aspire,

Till all make up an Halle-Lujah Quire.

But *Herod* mad as *Hercules* with rage.

To murder the Worlds Saviour doth engage.

For such like him who so usurp's a Crown,

Think's ev'ry on's resolv'd to put him down.

See, see quoth he the Royal foes at hand,

That will in Time, deprive me of command.

Souldiers betake you to your conquering Armes,

And free me quickly from these growing harm's.

Let *Rachel's* new born Males in *Jud'a* feel,

The sudden force of your impartial Steel.

Snatch them from Nurse, or tender Mother's Breast,

And with your Armes rock them to endless Rest!

And

And such as calmly will not from them part,
 Let Mothers with them joyntly share the smart;
 Till Parents flighted tears and Childrens Blood,
 Make a spring Tyde, and a near ebbing Flood.
 Thus *Herod*, raging nocent Hands doth stain,
 With Blood of Innocents, hoping to gain
 The Victory of Christ makes Cradles swim.
 In Blood, and Tears; whilst nought can soften him;
 Encreased persecution thus destroys,
 Millions of Lives in these poor murder'd Boys.
 Whose small unsettled Limbs scarce yielded place,
 For the destroyers Weapons, or a space
 To entertain these Butchers hungry Swords;
 Their Wounds being Mouths, accusing without Words.
 Fy, Souldiers fy, you lose, not gain renown,
 By knocking Infants and their Mothers down?
 Hencefore engage wit Men, and so ge Fame,
 This speaks your Mettal base, your Valour lame;
 Thus we see these Babes by th' Tyrants rageing Mood,
 Baptiz'd to Christ in their own Infant Blood;

And tho their Tongues too young to speak his Fame,
 They were the first were Martyr'd for his Name :
 Whose early Graces Christians should improve,
 In harmlesnes Humility and Love ;
 That howsoe're our guides shall us dispose
 We may be Patient, Meek, submit as those ;
 And when their Cropt like Flowers before their prime
 'Tis but transplanting to a better Clime :
 Where the blest Place and Heavenly continents,
 Is fill'd with Angels, and with Innocents.
 But now, what means these Flints and sharpned Knives
 To wound this princely Babe. such tender Lives ;
 Me thinks were fitter for the sugred Charms
 Of Mothers breasts, and Nurses lulling Armes :
 If it be Circumcision that you mean,
 The Sinfull are concerned, not the clean .
 Yet Innocence it self here under went,
 The Torture of a Bleeding Sacrament :
 Christ came not then for to destroy the Law,
 But to fulfil it, as the Just fore-saw ;

And

And by these Drops of his effused Blood,
 The Tragick Prologue may be understood
 Of his last passions, where pure Innocence
 Victim became for disobedience.

Thus teaching us his Precepts to fulfil
 Spar'd not his Blood, nor first nor last to spill !
 That we should with a circumcised Ear
 His Sacred Hests and Institutions hear,
 And that our Eyes may covenanted be,
 To learn the Truth, and turn from Vanity ;
 That from all looseness and inferiour Lays
 Our Lips be circumcised to his Praise ;
 And that accepted may be ev'ry Part,
 Vouchsafe O God! a circumcised Heart :
 There needs no present else, no further shift,
 It being to Man the happy New Years Gift.
 You then that Wisdom above Treasure prize,
 And ambiat the Title of the Wife.
 Come hither, here are patterns that surmount,
 Whose Travells will conduct you to the Fount ;

Which

While Heav'n itself a guide my Lamp doth shew,
 To all that on such holy Errands go.
 You that of Christ unflinching seekers are
 With wondering Eyes behold a new born Star ?
 Wherein your Faith may soon discern a Sign
 Of a celestial and a heav'nly shine ;
 Whose Lustre doth the Sun it self excel
 Nor yields the Firmament a paralel ;
 Illustrating the Sin benighted Earth
 With the approach of God in human Birth.
 The Star once up, Kings followed with all speed,
 Desire can make, or Wing'd Affection breed.
 Not length of Way, nor hardship of the Season,
 Nor Dangers of the pass, can frame a Reason
 To hinder their Devotions. Hills, and Rocks,
 And Theivish Deserts, they endure the Shocks,
 Of all the Elements, nor er'e desist,
 Untill they happily arrive at Christ ;
 No Envious Circumstance should us detain,
 From him with whom, we may for ever reign ;

Faith

Faith startles not at Loss, nor greater Harms,
 But Resolution Lodgeth in its Arms :
 And now being entred; Trebly they adore
 The Royal Babe, with Body, Soul, and Store ;
 The Body prostrate on an humble Face,
 Where Christ is O ! what Rev'rence Suits the Place ?
 Nor did an outsid serve them, but within,
 With Flames of Love and Zeal, they worship him :
 And happy ti's where outward Postures shew,
 The holy Fires that in the Bosom glow.
 Their choifest Treasure purposely they brought,
 Scorning to serve their God with Things of nought.
 Blush then cheap Christians, and your custom hate ;
 Who serve rhe Highest, at the lowest rate !
 Their Presents are both Rich, and Mistical,
 Fitting themselves and Country, yet withall
 Suiting their Object : Gold as to a King ;
 As to a Priest their Infence Offering.
 Imbalming Myrrh, as to a Mortal given,
 That speak him our Preservative for Heav'n.

And

And to themselves the Largess of their Gold,
 Did well the pureness of their Faith unfold ;
 The Frankincense, so good against ill Rheumes,
 Smells like their Prayers, which are as Heav'n's Perfumes,
 Lastly the Myrrh, which humbly they dispence,
 Figures their Mortifying Penitence !

And now me thinks, our common Master cries,
 Write by these Copies, go and do likewise.

These as the Earnest of the Gentiles come,
 Ay, they were the first Fruits of Christendom ;
 To all the World these Sages lead the way,
 Which wise Men follow, and without delay.

The Kings of *Tarshish* here their Presents bring,
 And *Sheba's* Princes bring their Offering ;

Nor stays *Sabea's* Potentate behind,
 To Christian Adoration all inclin'd.

All Nations therefore of the world rejoyce,
 With gratefull Triumph, both of Heart and Voice.

Let *Roman, Grecian, Persian, Indian, Jew,*
 And those Eclipt, with *Africk's* sable hue ;

Let

Let both the Poles to this puissant Lord,
 The Tributes of their loyalty afford;
 The living Mortal, and the dead in Sin :
 Tho none can die that here comes timely in.
 O Star of *Jacob*, royal Root of *Jefs* !
 Thou Day spring from on high to Visit us :
 That we like these wise Men may thee adore,
 With Bodies, Souls, and Goods, forever more.
 But now the Virgin who her Sex excel,
 Without *Heperbole*, or paralel ;
 Passing *Aurora* or the Gilded Morn,
 When Rosy Blushes, Silver Beams adorn :
 Where Grace and Beauty sweetly doth contend,
 Which shall her most unto the World commend.
 She from an unstain'd Child-Bed here doth rise
 Brighter than *Cinthia* when she mounts the Skyes
 From *Thetis* Streams, proceeding without pain,
 As formerly conceiving without stain.
 Yet she, though purer than the Salmon Snow,
 Doth here the legal Cleansing undergo ;

The Blessed Virgin to the Temple hig'hs
 To offer there her grateful Sacrifice.
 But what needs she those washings, being the Well
 Whence spring the living Water ; but to tell,
 In her returning Feast, our sinful Years,
 That they more need the Ablution of our Tears !
 May here Obedience unto all impart
 Endeavours that may purify the Heart :
 May Ladys here dress by this Virgin Glass,
 And they for beauties, and for Saints shall pass.
 She with an Offering to the Priest prepares,
 But more to God with Gratitude and Prayers.
 Presenting her dear Son and Saviour there,
 Where Youth and early Strength should first appear,
 Happy those Parents, who devout as she,
 Tenders to God, at once both Fruit and Tree.
 Happy those Children too, whose flowr of Youth,
 Is thus presented to the God of Truth.
 She that had born the Lamb, presents a pair
 Of Turtle Doves all Hieroglyphick fair,

Of that same spottless Innocence and Grace,
 Which in her Soul and Body both took place;
 Doves or Goats-Hair accepted in good part,
 God weighing not the Gift as Giver's heart;
 He Quality not Quantity respects,
 The Gold he may, but not the Mind rejects.
 Measures not Deeds by Time, nor Prayers by length,
 But both by their Sincerity and Strength.
 Evil Tongues may other gifts prevent,
 Yet Soul and Body thou mayst still present.
 And these indeed the Two beloved Twins.
 If truly offer'd purifie our Sins.
 But stay, what means this Multitude which we,
 With Palms behold attend the Diety ?
 What means these loud hosannas, and this cry
 Of Glory unto him that reigns on high.
 See how these and Fortunes Subjects throng,
 To swear Alledgiance, to the God they wrong.
 Jerusalem out of it self doth run as't were,
 To Greet him for a while sincerely there.

The Trees are scrambl'd, and each breaks a bough,
 Nor have they flowrs and num'rous Palm's enough
 To dress his Way ; their Garments too they strew,
 To fill the ostentation of their show.

Mean time behold his holy highness pass,
 On the meek Emblem of an humble Ass.

To fulfil Prophecies, and Patience teach,
 To all that learn when Word and Action preach.

Thus Equipag'd they wait on him to Town,
 Where from all Parts they hurry up and down
 To have a sight ; the Windows too are throng'd,
 With Gazers, who for the blest *Messiah* long'd.

As holy *Sim'on*, and such as then desir'd,
 To see him in the Flesh er'e they expir'd.

Now all the Way as this King pas'd along,
 What Acclamations both of Old and Young :

Children their crys unto a treble raise
 While Parents Chants their Basis to his Praise,
 Ages and Sexes both in Consort sing,
 The City with Hosanahs loud doth ring.

So should we deck the places Christ frequents,
 With inward Praise and outward Ornaments ;
 All which was right and due, what His deserts,
 Challeng'd, not only from their Hands, but Hearts;
 And from ours too ; but both are Jews : alas !
 Like venom'd Serpents lurk in pleasant Grass.
 All these, but pious Frauds, in which sweet Calm
 A Storms wrap'd up, a Snare in ev'ry Palm.
 Thus with their shouts Christ's Passion week began,
 'Twas but a Preface to— *Behold the Man* ;
 What vanity, what danger, Oh what death,
 Sculks in the fond applause of vulgar Breath !
 For, whosoever thereupon relies,
 Must look at length to prove a Sacrifice :
 Then 'ware the gilded Pills, the worldly Palms
 Storms oft assail ; ev'n when we dream of Calms.
 List not to *Syren*'s, until that we
 With wise *Ulysses*'s first secured be.
 Thus having heard, how Jews their King proclaim,
 See next his Coronation by the same,

Both

Both strange as true, the Passion Muse will sing,
 How feigned Subjects use their lawful King.
 If greatest griefs be dumb, than this to speak,
 Who can expect ; and yet must silence break ;
 Or each good Heart : Therefore to save the Cask,
 By a small vent, we'll enter on the Task.
 But how ? shall I begin with Words or Tears,
 Informing of your mournful Eyes, or Ears,
 Or both ! O where shall I begin this Act ;
 Plenty doth stifle, copious Thoughts distract.
 Shall we forthwith incontinently scale,
 The Mount, Mount Calvary, and give you all
 His Sufferings (at once) in total Sum,
 To shorten your regrets ? Or shall we come
 To each peculiar Act, that so my pen,
 Take some revenge on those accursed Men,
 That were so barbrous ; as this might fit,
 Such Subjects, and a grief-distracted Wit.
 Though forrows an ill Methodist, yet we
 (Like Him we treat) will write more orderly ;
 And

And with an Eye of brief reflection cast
 On His first Passion; fix upon the last :
 Both speaking His whole Life a crimson Thread,
 From Cradle to the Cross bescarleted :

(His stable Flight and Travells toucht before)

His Dangers and long Journeys I pass o're,

Speeding to the Garden, and see there

Our LORD turn'd all, to Agony and Fear ;

A sad Transfiguration ! Opposit

To that of cheerful *Thabor's* glorious Light.

But what strange Fountains in this Garden run ?

Of Sweat, of Tears, of Blood, stream'd all in one.

O ! may that precious Juice of his pres'd Heart,

Purge sin and sloath, from each degenerat :

But see an Armed Crew as 'gainst a Thief

To seize upon the Lamb, and who their Chief,

But ev'n his own dear *Judas* ! Heightning this,

With the dissembled badge of Love, a Kiss.

Of treacherous Designs, there's none to those

Of our own House, beware of bosom Foes:

If from our Friends we're kept by heavenly Care,
 We will our selves of Enemies beware,
 Their black Designs, with Lanthorns, Swords and Staves,
 Speaks them the Prince of Darkness bloody Slaves.
 Yet Christ accosts His danger, scorns to fly,
 Amazeth them with answering *It is I*:
 And if His veiled Presence strike to Ground,
 How shall His open Glory such Confound.
 But coming to themselves, they straight repair
 With Him, after h' had cur'd *Malchus* Ear,
 To their *High Justice Court*, that Forge of Woes,
 Where He the Wit of Malice undergoes,
 So fatal are Elections Popular,
 That they to CHRIST, do *Barabbas* prefer;
 He that had kill'd the Living, must be spar'd:
 But He that rais'd the Dead, no Mercy shar'd.
 Nor is their Rage so kind, as scorn to ease
 Him of a burthenous Life, themselves they please
 With varying His Pain, and lingering Smart,
 As if they'd crucifie Him in ev'ry Part.

Right

Right *Sampson's* Anti-tipe, in thronged Court,
 Brought forth to exercise their Wits and Sport.
 They blind-fold Him, that unto them gave Light,
 And spit on Him; whose spittle regain'd Sight :
 And while their Souls are clad with raggs of Sin ;
 They strip His Body both of Cloths and Skin.
 Some trouble their own Heads to torture His,
 For which a double engine studied is.
 A Crown His Kingly Office to confound,
 And Thorns ; His sacred Temples to surround.
 Strange Coronation ! Which Him a King did Stile,
 Briers the Crown ; and sacred Blood the Oyl.
 Others to suit that dismal Sight, command,
 A reeden Scepter into His right Hand :
 Who Made, and could blast all with equal speed :
 But that *He will not break the bruised Reed.*
 On still proceeds insatiable Scorn,
 Which woundeth more, than did their Scourge or Thorne,
 Him next with Robes of Mockerie they drefs,
 That best His Candor, and their Guilt express.

D

Thus

Thus sadly dighted, then they Him expose,

To the view and fury of His cruel Foes.

Pilate presents Him with——*Behold the Man,*

Whether in Scorn or Pity, none can scan.

See willing *Isaac* bear his Funeral Pile,

That must requite Him in a little while.

Loyal *Uriah*, poor *Bellerophon*,

With engines of His ruine marching on:

And such a burthen to His shoulders ry'd

That He's with Sin and Cross twice crucifi'd:

Exceeding what the Jews Petitioned,

And what our Sins have too much Echoed,

Thus parting, swooning, up a tedious Hill,

(Not out of Mercy, but of hate to Kill)

They force anothers help! But happy he,

Who freely bears the Cross: Oh CHRIST for Thee!

But coming to the place, that fatal Mount,

Where *Adam* was Interr'd (as some recount)

And *Isaac* t'have been sacrific'd; there

Him and His Cross, together up they rear

But

But unawares, straight *Pilate* doth command,
 His Manueſt to write with careful Hand,
 What ſuiting Inſcrip to the Croſs belongs,
 An envy'd Title, in three Mother Tongues:
 And this is writ, that all the World may know,
 To whom as King, they their Allegiance owe.
 That harden'd Jews, may their Meſſiah read,
 In their own Stile, and learned Greeks be lead;
 To ſaving Faith by theirs: And famous *Rome*,
 In ſtead of Pagan, Chriſtian may become.
 Hard piercing Nails that bor'd each Hand and Foot;
 But what needs this: Alas! they're driven to't.
 He's numbred with Tranſgreſſours, whoſe device
 Commits a Burglary on Paradife.
 And tho the Thieves in fate and faults ſeem'd even,
 Yet one robs God, while th' other ſtealeth Heav'n.
 And then, that nought without a Prophecie,
 Might happen to him by a Lottery;
 They ſhare His Veſture, and the ſeamleſs Coat
 Which figuer'd out the Church: the Souldiers got.

Whose pristine Glory 'twas for to defend,
 Her Patrimony ; and not for it contend.
 Thus was the healing Serpent lifted up,
 Who for our health drank off this bitter Cup.
 And now to kiss His Spouse he bows the Head,
 Then dies to give a Visit to the Dead.
 These Tortures tho methodical to Sense,
 Were nothing to his great Intelligence.
 The Bodies pain was but the shell of woe,
 That for his Soul must for the Kernel go.
 Those were but feathers of his heavy Load,
 These wrung from him that cry, my God, my God ?
 How justly then may all our Prayers run thus,
 Lord by thine unknown Grievs deliver us.
 The Rocks did rend teaching hard Hearts to mourn,
 Where Seas of Blood this Rock did over turn,
 The Graves did open, either to present,
 Each of themselves a willing Tenement,
 Or else to swallow up those Murderous Jews,
 Who did their King and God so vilely use.

The rending of the Temple Veil insunder,
 Was both a Litt'ral and a Mistick Wonder,
 At once the Son of Light and Glory set,
 And to the World a double Night begett:
 So strange and great Eclips the Sun did make.
 As ne're was read in Natures Almanack.
 But as our woe grew on a fatal Tree
 So doth our fruitful comfort too (you see)
 Our bitter Waters sweetned by this Wood
 Was *Lignum vitae* for the Nations good.
 Then with his friends let us not only mourn,
 But bury him like *Jeseph* in our Urn.
 While Prayers doth watch and Faith impress a Seal,
 That nothing of this World from us him steal.
 And now, you pensive Souls that by the Cross,
 stood sadly mourning your dear Masters Loss.
 You who partook his Agonies and Cares,
 Washing his Wounds, and bathing them with Tears.
 You that with *John* and *Mary* did lament,
 The Tragedy of this sole Innocent.

Come

Come hither, and each bring a Hankerchief,
To wipe your Eyes and peruse your Grief.

Come see how this sweet heavenly Lark now sings,

The Suns arise with healing in his Wings.

The Son of Righteousness, that lately sat,

In a Blood-Red Cloud, methinks now in State.

Here Re-approaching with resplendent rays,

By chearful hopes and length of future Days,

Changing our Tropick of Mortality,

Into a Solstice of Eternity.

Thus by the Resurrection of the Dead,

The faithful by his life are comforted.

Thus the first step we've trac'd, now lets ascend

The rest, and Heav'n will be our journey's end.

Christ from the Top of lofty Olivet,

Returning to his Father, there doth set

Prints of his peaceful Feet, whereby the Ground,

With Triumphs and Fertility was Crown'd:

Then from this Mount let us by Faith arise,

(Whose Olives speaks both Peace and Victories)

Follow

(39)

Follow his Conduct to this holy flight,
From Earth and Sin soaring to th' heav'nly Light.
Souls are but sparkles of Celestial Fire,
Which to their Center Heav'n, should all aspire.
Tho Bodies are slow pac'd, yet Souls ascend,
And will I hope o'retake their Joys i'th' end :
That so (as Ohrists) a full and blest ascent,
May be at length our travells Oompliment.

F I N I S.

Follow his Command to this holy light,
From Earth and sin leaving to the heavenly light;
Souls are but Sparks of Celestial Fire,
Which to their Center Heav'n should all aspire,
The Bodies are slow pack'd, yet souls abound,
And will I hope o'ertake their joys if I end;
That so (as Chills) a full and blest ascent
May be at length to heav'n's Compartment.



